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Normal.

— The E. G. —  
**Normalia.**

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NOVEMBER, 1898.

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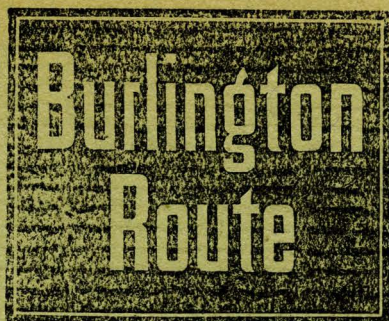
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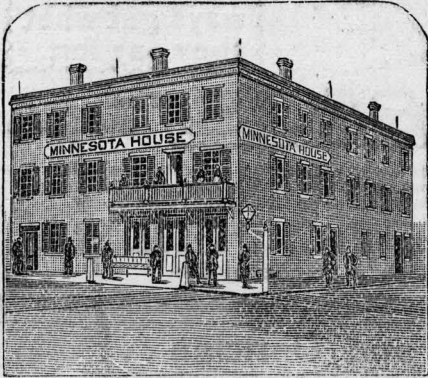
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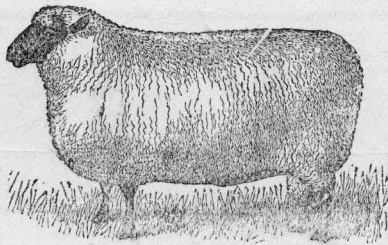
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# THE NORMALIA.

VOLUME VIII.

ST. CLOUD, MINN., NOVEMBER, 1898.

NUMBER 3.

## The Normalia.

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Published monthly during the school year at the  
State Normal school at St. Cloud.

Entered at the post office at St. Cloud as second  
class mail matter, 1895.

Subscription, 50 Cts. a Year.  
Single Copies, 10 Cents.

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### The E. G's.

We form a class all by ourselves  
And work as hard as bees;  
For although we're all ex-seniors,  
We are also just E. G's.

We first thought we were everything,  
But now we're seldom seen,  
For everywhere we chance to go  
We are called the Ever Green.

But as the days go slowly by  
The world we're surely showing,  
We're learning something every day,  
In knowledge Ever Growing.

So when the year has rolled around  
And teaching is our fate,  
Our mark in life will then be made  
For we'll be Ever Great.

X. Y. Z.

### The Influence of Music.

BY G. E. MAHAN.

History affords us no knowledge of  
a time when music was unknown to  
man. Scanning its pages as far back  
as to the time of Adam we cannot find  
a time when its sublime and magic in-  
fluence was not felt, even with the  
most barbarous of nations.

Knowing its almost perfect develop-  
ment now, we can scarcely call that  
music which was hardly more than  
sounds produced on stretched strings  
or skins. But everything must be ac-  
complished only through a process of  
evolution. Our great steam and elec-  
trical facilities have reached their high  
degree of excellence through gradual  
development. All the works of art are  
the results of a like process.

Thus with music. It has gained its  
high standard by means of gradual  
steps.

"It is the medium of expressing  
thoughts and feelings not in the range  
of literature, sculpture or painting.



Literature describes or states the emotions or feelings of a people; sculpture displays the outward appearance and the effect of passion upon it; painting vitalizes with color these forms of sculpture; whereas music embodies all the inward feelings of which these arts can but exhibit the effect. Of all the arts it is the vaguest in its influence. It possesses a hidden and mysterious charm which makes its power all the greater."

The common instincts of man are universal and the common language, music, is also universal. It is a means of drawing men into a closer relationship with humanity and also with our Maker. No power on earth can break the fetters with which it binds us together.

It is interesting to trace its developments, slow, but discernible nevertheless. In ancient times music was accorded only to the Gods, and inspired awe and wonder rather than sympathy. It was used especially as a means of exciting men to religious worship and to war. But later on in its development when it came to represent the thoughts and feelings of the people of our own age, this is the time when its true influence began to be felt, at this time it acquired its grandest attribute, namely the power of individual utterance of every variety of emotion. In its range it has now left the other arts in the background, and in the hands of a few gifted men like Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Handel, it has established for itself a foundation which will last as long as the world stands.

When the great Gustavus Adolphus was fighting for freedom of thought

and worship, when to breathe a word of the reformed religion meant sudden death, we find the most striking instance of the influence music can have. The great leader, opposed by the whole of southern Europe, was well-nigh discouraged and many of his little band of Lutheran soldiers had surrendered or been massacred, the rest losing strength and hope were about to give up the fight, when from the lips of their leader rang out an inspiring song, creating within them a renewed enthusiasm. They again rushed forward into the midst of the fray, slaying the enemy on every side. The result is known by everyone. By means of a song the beginning of reformation was made, the beginning of the great movement which took the government of the nations of Europe from despots and placed it in the hands of the people.

The power of music is as clearly revealed in our country and times. During the great struggle between the north and south, as the setting sun at the close of a hot and sultry day, cast her last rays upon a battle field covered with heaps of dying and dead bodies, and upon a few weary soldiers who were all that were left to fight the opposing forces. They were almost overwhelmed with despair, but presently over the distant hill-top comes the sound of the approaching recruits and bands pealing forth a national song, "We'll Rally 'Round the Flag Boys." The song aroused their drooping spirits and with supernatural strength they dashed forward and struggled until the enemy's ranks were thinned and their efforts were crowned with success.

But we are most interested in music

because of the part it takes in education. What a great work it is accomplishing in our Kindergartens today! By surrounding the little ones with its divine influence it is moulding them and developing within them spirit of love and sympathy for their fellow beings, developing within them a desire for all that's good and noble. At this tender age when their characters are formed, and when their surroundings influence their after-lives to a great extent, if at this time they breathe the atmosphere of music, we may hope they will acquire those virtues which constitute highest manhood and womanhood. They will be men and women who will glorify their country and home.

In the home music serves as a link to bind us all together and teaches us to appreciate the true meaning of home. It surrounds us with its harmony, softens our mood and dispels discord.

Poets of all ages have received their divine inspiration from music and have been able to pour forth the grandest words of literature. The famous passage from Shakespeare illustrates this fact, where Lorenzo and Jessico are awaiting the coming of Portio and Lorenzo says:

Bring your music forth into the air,  
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon the bank!

Here we will sit and let the sound of music  
Creep into our ears; soft stillness and the night,

Become the touches of sweet harmony, etc.

Thus we might go on, citing passage after passage. From the time of babyhood to old age it is always used in some form and it becomes as necessary as our daily food.

One of the spiciest exchanges that came to our notice this month is the

Record of Sioux City, Iowa. Its motto is that memorable line of Virgils, "Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit," or, "Perhaps it will be pleasing to remember these things some time." The motto recalls many weary, but not altogether unpleasant, hours of toil, for every time we conquer, even though it be only in the matter of a lesson, we feel a satisfaction in the new strength we have thus acquired.

No one realizes the force of this quotation more than the pupil who has labored hard, perhaps even over the Aneid itself, to complete a course at some high school or college and is suddenly confronted with the fact that when the bell of his alma mater shall peal forth its summons again, his path in life must needs lead him in another direction. No thought is dearer to the true searcher for wisdom than those thoughts which carry him back to the time when he struggled with his classmates to penetrate the mountain of knowledge and found here and there a shining pearl to incite him to greater effort.

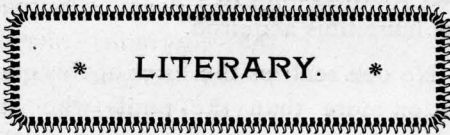
These are not all his pleasant thoughts. His companions, how vividly they stand out in his imaginations, though perhaps they are now scattered and are following each his chosen occupation in life! He pictures their little peculiarities, and it is these very peculiarities that make them so dear to his memory. How monotonous this world would seem if we were, each one, just commonplace in everything we do or say! The pupil's surroundings, his companions, his teachers have influenced him, yes more, they have entered into his very makeup, and, if he attains the topmost round, that makeup is good; therefore can he think otherwise



than with pleasure upon the scenes and happenings of his school days?

Though the time spent at the Normal by many students is much shorter than that spent in the high school or the school of their infancy, still there will be many things that "it will be pleasing some time to remember."

E. N. HAMILTON.



### **The Keystone in the Arch of Character.**

BY MAUD MARION CAMPBELL.

One of the chief weaknesses of the books which aim to show young people how to succeed is their lack of point. There is much advice of a general character. Courage, honesty, perseverance and many other qualities are named. But there is nothing specific. Everybody knows that these qualities are essential. What is needed is a clear analysis of character, showing what is needed in the beginning. Then should come the other virtues, all so clearly stated, that the average young person may have some intelligent notion of their order and relationship.

It would be interesting to hear the answers from an average company of people on this question. What is the basal principle of character? There would be many answers. Turn to the bible and note the men who are held up for examples. What is the characteristic most often named? Is it not faithfulness? There is "faithful Abraham," and Moses, "who endured as seeing him who is invisible." Daniel is held up as an example of what?

Faithfulness. And Jesus, when about to leave his disciples, gave them, among other parables, the pointed story of the talents. Those who were commended heard, as the reason of their approval, the words: "Thou hast been faithful."

The great heroes of the world are distinguished for this quality above all others. Nelson, the great English sea captain, is described by his latest biographer as the very opposite of the common English conception of a naval hero. Nelson's chief characteristic was loyalty to the smallest duty.

Tennyson, in his "Ode to the Duke of Wellington,"

He that gained a hundred fights  
Now lost an English gun"

represents the great commander triumphing over Napoleon largely because of his faithfulness:

"So great a soldier taught us there,  
What long enduring hearts could do  
In that world earthquake, Waterloo!"

And when the characteristics of our own great heroes, Washington, Lincoln and Grant, are named, do we not find when we search for the foundations that faithfulness was the bed-rock?

There is the universally praised and startling exploit of Lieutenant Hobson. It gave the country that best reassurance that comes from knowing that it can still produce men worthy of its illustrious founders. For the wealth of every nation in the last resort is to be measured in the character and quality of its young men and women. We all pay every possible tribute to Mr. Hobson's individual force of initiative, high sense of duty, and splendid patriotism. Nevertheless what pleases us most is the belief that Lieutenant Hob-

son is an American type of faithfulness, rather than a wholly unique personality

So also Admiral Dewey surprised the world by his simple dexterity at Manila. The night entry of the bay, the swift elliptical maneuvering of Dewey's squadron, the deadly accuracy of the shots as the ships circled past the Spanish fleet, remind us somehow of various operations on a smaller scale, that we see at home every day of our lives, showing the same union of personal qualities and resources—faithfulness.

What book is like "Stanley's Darkest Africa" to show us what human nature can endure, what difficulties almost insuperable it can overcome, what inconceivable trials it can go through by faithfulness.

The agnostic and pessimist, Dr. Nansen, in his thrilling account of his sledge journey toward the pole and return over ice-hills, hummocks, lanes, open water, in direst cold, with exhausted dogs, in long Arctic six-month's night, in fiercest storms, in loneliness, homesickness, despairing of life itself, in perils of freezing, drowning, being devoured by wild beasts—can teach us the grandeur of endurance and struggle toward final victory, which we can apply to our own lives.

Balzac tells us of a young man who, once in a moment of illumination, sees, that "the possession of power, no matter how enormous, does not bring with it the knowledge how to use it. The sceptre is a plaything for a child, an ax for a Richelieu, and for a Napoleon, a lever by which to move the world. Only through faithfulness do great na-

tures grow stronger by power. Balzac's hero "had everything in his power and had done nothing." It is the common tragedy of life.

Daudet's "Man with a Golden Brain" could take out golden lumps from his brain, but only to spend them in excesses. His brain became exhausted and finally on the morrow of unfaithfulness he was left alone amid the paling lights and fragments of the past, appalled by the enormous mistake which he had made. It was time to stop! But too late! Too late!"

How shall we use our splendid powers, of mind, and life and will? In the cultivation and development of faithfulness. How did Moses get it? "He endured as seeing him who is invisible." The constant vision of God is the source of all fidelity. When we lose the sense of God's nearness, we are pretty sure to let go of duty. Privilege is all right in its place. But let us never forget that there will always be ought in human life. The power to see it and the strength to use it come only to those who set the Lord before them and perform the smallest deed always in faithfulness.

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### On duty at the Street Fair.

BY E. G.

It was the eve of a grand street fair in the prosperous young city. The business streets were filled with remarkable wooden structures, and one large hall was devoted to a school exhibit, where writing, drawing and apparatus were being arranged. Two learned professors might be seen bicycling towards this hall, each with a



large case under each arm.

The Normal student was a tall, handsome youth, with a modest air and an inclination toward red neckties (a la Owen). He felt exhilarated by all this activity, and offered to stay at the hall one afternoon to explain the exhibit to visitors.

On the appointed afternoon the student started for town. The streets were full of people—happy people, wondering people, and people who knew all about everything. The student ran into a man who was staring at the merry-go-round. He apologized politely, but the man was so absorbed that he was unconscious of any interruption whatever.

Farther on, the street was blocked by a crowd. "What's here?" he asked a small boy, "Maneatingcrocodileand-womaneatingsnakes," was the concise reply. "Yes," spoke up an awed matron, "she's just sitting there with things crawling over her, and she looks something like a woman, but she's really part snake."

The student went on. "There's one with a straw smoke-stack," said a boy surveying a booth surmounted by a sheaf of wheat. "I'd like to have potatoes that size when I have to peel them for dinner," was a young girl's wistful comment. "Say, Stubby, ain't yer going ter vote for me?" queried a tow-headed urchin with impossible features, as he and a chum passed the pretty girl contest.

Now there was another blockade—a vaudeville show. The student found himself wedged in beside a big countryman whose round, beaming face, set off by a glowing shock of red hair,

looked like an animated jack-o'-lantern. The student pushed through the crowd, and at length reached the school exhibit.

He went up to the table which held some physical apparatus, and immediately a shower of questions was poured upon him. "Whould it hurt me to touch these?" "What do they do with those things floating around in the water?" "What makes that tick?" "What is electricity?" "Why does heating that move the needle?" The student hazarded a few explanations, but felt that he was getting on rather shaky ground and retreated to an adjoining table.

There he found a mouse existing very comfortably in a jar of oxygen. A farmer was watching it with considerable interest. "What is that mouse in there for?" he asked. "Oh, to see if it will live in oxygen." The farmer looked puzzled, and the student endeavored to make the matter clear. "Well, oxygen is something like air, only it's different. It is very pure air. Some people think we would die if the air were all oxygen, but you see the mouse is all right." The farmer was more mystified than ever, and the student gave it up.

Then he stationed himself beside the geology table, but this was no better. "Are you in charge?" asked a young lady. "I am assisting," responded the student with dignity. "Will you tell me the name of this stone?" and the voice of the student was very meek as he confessed his utter ignorance concerning that stone. Someone wanted to know which was the cephalopod. The cephalopod's card had become

misplaced, and the student was in a quandary. "Was that small shell a cephalopod, or this fossil over here?" He chose the latter with some misgivings, and then he fled from those geological specimens.

He was just in time to rescue a polar bear (a clay one) from the clutches of two chubby hands that were pulling off its fur to see what it was made of. Then he spied a boy who was amusing himself by trying to stand an ostrich on its head.

The other end of the room was deserted, and the student sought it for a moment's rest. A wee girl came up to the physics table and stroked the apparatus gently with her dainty little fingers. She caught sight of a card labelled "Hands Off," and smiled up at the student. "What does it mean on there?" she asked.

(A member of the Child Study class—no one is safe from them—tried an interesting experiment with these "Hands Off" cards. He found that twenty-five per cent. more people touched the apparatus when these prohibitory cards were placed on the tables, than when they were removed and no such requests made.)

A group of boys stopped in front of the ethnological exhibit. "See that Dutchman talking to his cow," remarked one. This exhibit was evidently attractive, and the boys stayed there several minutes talking to each other with queer little snickers. No. 1 discovered the mouse on the next table. The mouse was having a quiet nap. "I'll bet he's dead," said No. 1. "Let's shake up the bottle and see," said No. 2, and he proceeded to do so, but the

student came upon the scene—metronome time 500—and unkindly stopped this scientific investigation.

By the end of the afternoon the student was quite overpowered by the multitude and variety of his sensations. That night he turned to his geometry with a sigh of relief. The calm, quiet theorems were a rest to his tired brain.

### A Better Klondyke.

BY BESSIE OSTRANDER.

The year 1849 will ever remain one of the most memorable in the history of this country, indeed of the entire world, for it was then that the discovery of gold in California was heralded far and wide throughout all countries.

Within a few months the great west, hitherto unknown to white man, underwent a complete transformation. From every quarter of the globe men flocked to this "Eldorado." The great American desert was blackened with man and beast in their attempt to cross it in search of the fabulous riches beyond. But comparatively few of the many hundreds and thousands of gold seekers ever secured the wealth for which they risked their lives.

Not otherwise was the rush to the Klondyke this last spring. In every hamlet, village and city, men left friends and loved ones and turned their eyes westward toward the shining shores. Even boys in their teens quit the school to join the mad rush. The good old way of earning a living was despised because of its slowness. The proverb "All's not gold that glitters," has been reversed and to these illogical minds all is gold that glitters, although some



have not yet seen the glitter.

The cry of "On to the Klondyke" rang all through the land, and the land yet remains to be discovered that did not send its quota. Behind were left the once happy homes, destitute of nearly everything but hope—hope that the absent one would return with his golden treasure. But alas! In how many cases did the hope end in bitter disappointment? The fortune seeker brings misery, not only to himself but to his family.

Are there no inexhaustible mines nearer home that may be worked amid the sympathy of friends and loved ones—mines that will yield far better results? Does it not occur to you, my readers, that the tendency of the present age is to overlook entirely, or at least to underestimate our immediate advantages? Are we not, to a great degree, by our acts encouraging a spirit of over-reaching in the rising generations? Are we not by our inactivity committing the greater sin of neglecting to call the attention of our boys and girls to the value of a brained and logical mind?

In nearly every country man is the victim of environment; and if he makes anything of himself he does so through an almost superhuman effort.

Happy, aye thrice happy, should be the boy or girl born on America's virgin soil. His opportunities for good are boundless. What height may he not attain? What calling or profession may he not choose and climb to the topmost round?

History is replete with the names of men who have made themselves famous by making the most of themselves and

their opportunities. Here is food for the reflective mind.

Where is the village or city that does not contain a score or more of young people of school age idling away the best days of their lives?

We live in a land where the door of the cradle leads to the Kindergarten and here the boy entering may rise step by step through all the grades till at the age of eighteen years he receives his High school diploma which gives him entrance to the highest educational institution in the land.

Does not this route lead to a better Klondyke? Is it not worth a little self denial on the part of the father or mother?

Nuggets of gold are not to be found on the surface of the earth. They are got by hard digging, self-denial and years of devotion.

Then why not spend the same time and energy at home in acquiring a fortune that will not only enrich its possessor but all with whom he comes in contact. Let us, instead of madly rushing away to cold, unknown, unexplored regions, seek at home that which is of a far greater and more lasting benefit—A better Klondyke.

### Cradle Song.

BY M. A. CLARK KINDERGARTEN DEPT.

Close thine eyes my Baby blossom,  
Thou shall hear my voice and sleep.  
Smile a little, mother loves thee,  
Prays that God thine heart may keep.  
Is the baby fair, a violet,  
A lily, pure, or gorgeous rose?  
T'is only time can tell the secret;  
My child's a flower—its mother knows.  
Mother sings in voice so tender<sup>a</sup>  
May her little one be blessed;  
May that peace past understanding,  
Calm and soothe to perfect rest.

Softest breeze, perfume laden,  
Morning freshness, evening dew:  
Come embrace this child of nature,  
Kiss rosebud mouth and forehead too.

Good angles gather round my darling,  
Good faeries dance and baby charm;  
Bright spirits near my babies cradle,  
Shall keep, preserve from worldly harm.

CHORUS:

Mother sings, heart full of wishes,  
Sings and smiles and sighs and prays;  
Baby sleeps in peaceful quiet,  
Blessed joy of happy days.

**Nature's Voices.**

BY M. A. D.

How little many of us stop to consider the inestimable value as the wonderful influence the sacred elements of nature possess in molding, and as it were solidifying the character of man and determining his progress in civilization. On meditating upon the development of civilization in science, literature and art and all branches of learning from earliest possible dates of this great universe until the present time we willingly concede the fact that man, who among all other voices of nature having alone been endowed with reason and power of communicating his ideas and inward conceptions with those of his fellowmen, has but acted as an instrument of nature in forming and consolidating the government of all civilized nations of today. In our meditation upon nature we will consider its value and influence upon man.

According to scripture the earth was in the beginning void and empty and darkness reigned upon the face, but guided by the skillful and all powerful hand of our Divine Maker, step by step this great universe was created; day, night, seasons and all things now

perceptible to man being regulated by the unseen hand of their Creator.

Then man in the personages of Adam and Eve and their descendants were made to inhabit this newly created region. A region that was to serve as a vast stage upon which dramas of our earthly pilgrimages were to be acted; but this stage was not void of scenery, for the scenery contained therein was of so rich and gorgeous a texture that it is and has ever been impossible for the human intellect to fully appreciate its grandeur and importance. For not only do we find nature playing an important part in the scientific world of today, but from our knowledge of ancient history we have learned that she carefully guided and determined each step taken by the ancients in advancing towards civilization. The earliest nations recorded in history arose in the three alluvial plains of the Nile, the Tigrus and Euphrates and of the Indus. The fact was wholly due to the physical causes. In a primitive state of society, population can gather into nations only where a fertile soil produces abundant food. Now the three alluvial basins just mentioned are distinguished for their extraordinary fertility. Here nature spontaneously produces certain important articles which being early cultivated and yielding immense returns made a large population possible. Accordingly we find that in these countries men have adopted fixed habits and formed themselves into political associations at a time long anti-dating recorded history. Next in order we may mention the Greeks. We find the numerous islands which occupy no small portion of the Grecian coast, offering encouragement



and acting as stepping stones in advancing learning by bringing the natives in direct communication with a more advanced people of the day, among whom we may mention the Phenecians, to whom the Greeks are directly indebted for their alphabet.

But a time was to come in which man was to reach that point at which his rapidly developing intellectual state of being would no longer allow him to stand idly by and simply admire the mere outlines of these divine creations without his knowing something as to their formation and distribution. Thus he was led to inquire into and investigate their composition, and upon so doing obtained such material as assisted greatly in advancing theories which in turn, upon close observation and study, became laws, thus forming the basis of our present scientific knowledge.

What purer knowledge could our highest aspiration seek than to be upon a summer's evening, reading from the little brook, as it rushes by, the history of ages. And it not only tells to us of the wonderful skill exhibited by its Creator in bringing about its origin, but it also reminds us of the quickly passing tide of our own lives, thus asking us to make the best of our time while passing through it. But after enjoying the lessons taught to us by the beautiful brook, we look around and there upon its banks do we find other voices, speaking to us. Voices which if possible are made sweeter by nature's breath wafting in gentle profusion the fragrant odors of these fairest gifts. Upon reading the lessons taught by these little creations, we learn that they were at one time buds, but seeking a more elevated place and

functions in the universe, they were gradually unfolded and offered to us as examples by which the course of our own lives might be directed, for glancing back at the brook from which we turned, we find that in some desolate spot, void of the beauties wrought by the rippling waves, the purest and most beautiful flower of nature, the water lily, which in itself unfolds volumes of knowledge by showing to us that though our surroundings may not be perfect yet we can direct our own life as the pure lily, flourish and be set forth as an example by nature to our less desirable surroundings. Then admiring nature in another form we turn to the rocks and hills which may surround us. Glancing at their beautiful outlines we are filled with admiration, but how much more is their interest and beauty appreciated by those who have inquired into their formation, for in these rocks are involved sermons of time, which unfold to us the conditions of the inhabitants from the beginning of the universe until the present time, thus showing the economy practiced by their maker.

"Books in running brooks,

Sermons in stones, good in everything."

Thus we find the knowledge of nature's compositions gradually expanding. New theories being constantly brought forth, once begun these discoveries are not destined to fade but on the contrary to flourish, until today they assist greatly in forming the grand basis of our educational system, which in turn tends to form the character of our young Americans of the present time, and character is one of the grandest motive powers in the world. In its noblest embodiment it exemplifies

human nature in its highest forms, for He delivered, in his usual pleasant way, an address on LaFayette.

The exercises closed by the singing of our own national hymn—"America."

### LaFayette Day.

The saying that ones greatness is not appreciated until after his death, is a true one. The United States within the last few years has just begun to realize what a truly noble and heroic man the Marquis De LaFayette was and how much he did toward helping us gain our independence. A day had been set apart, not as yet a legal holiday, but a day on which we may show our appreciation for him in exercises of various nature. Oct. 19 was the day set apart and on that day the members of the Normal school, Model and Kindergarten gathered in the assembly hall of the Normal building to listen to a short program rendered by the students of the Normal school. The exercises were opened with a song, "Our Country," by the students, after which Miss Craig read a very pleasing essay on LaFayette.

"It is indeed a blessing for American youths to inherit with the liberty of their fatherhood, the memory and example of such a patriotic philanthropist as was the Marquis De LaFayette, and to drink in with the pure air and bright sunshine the spirit of undying courage which he has left as a bright spot on this darkened planet of ours."

Miss Finch raised our feeling of admiration still higher by reading a selection on the character of the hero. A recitation, "Welcome LaFayette," was rendered in good style by Mr. Zeidler, after which the Marseillaise hymn was sung by the school. Last but not least on the program came Dr. Magnusson.

### PERSONALS & LOCALS

"Suffocating."

"So glad I'm sure," (chestnuts).

June got a letter.

Paul lost his football hair.

Two little blue little hats.

Miss H.—Said she got hurt in the gym.?

Miss M. in arithmetic—"Why the square of a number is a square number."

My stock of winter millinery is now complete comprising all the latest ideas in trimmed hats, sailors, walking hats, Angora tams, etc. The Normal students are cordially invited to examine goods and get prices. A per cent. allowed on all purchases by students. Mary Kron.

Miss Clara Ellis has been obliged to leave school on account of her eyes.

Judge Cant of Duluth, formerly a student of the Normal, visited some of his old friends at school the first of the month.

Miss H.—I want my paint box.

Mr. E. A. Anderson went to New London previous to election to stump it for Prof. Fink of that place.

Patriots—Students who spent from two to five hours convincing the judges that they had a right to vote.

Whose "beau" got the "mitten?"



A beautiful as well as inexpensive present for your brother or sister would be one of those rolled gold wire initial rings costing but 15¢ at Clark Bros.' Pins 10c. Christmas orders must be in before December 20th.

Miss Mary Glidden of the faculty entertained on Saturday evening, Oct. 22d, at the home of Capt. West. The ghosts of many of the ancient Romans appeared especially for the occasion, to entertain the guests. Those present pronounced it a novel and unique as well as very pleasant entertainment.

How we know them—

E. G.—“Hully chee.”

E. C. H.—“So glad I'm sure.”

Prof. S.—By the squeak of his shoes.

Miss S.—Sing just a little faster.

Mr. G.—By the new shoes.

Miss G.—Nod and smile at the first monitor.

Miss C.—Total thirty-two, one absent.

Miss Perkins.

Mr. McA.—“Right about.”

Forget the Maine and remember the girls' football team at the Normal—it's the latest.

Messrs. Gans, Ashley and Nolan spent Sunday, Nov. 6th, at St. John's. They report a very pleasant time.

Rev. Dr. Fisk of Fargo visited the Normal on Monday, Nov. 7th.

The Misses Gould and Ward of Willmar spent a few days with Miss Ella Gould at the Home during the first part of the month.

November 8 being election day the Normalites enjoyed a holiday.

Wanted—

To buy a good strong single buggy to hold from two to five persons.

By Prof. MacC—Someone to ask questions in science class.

By W. T. S.—A quarter.

By a senior—A few more Duluth girls.

By E. G. S.—Another hour before breakfast.

By several of the students—That the electric light in front of the Normal be removed. It is hard on the eyes.

By Miss I.—To know why her thoughts do not last over night.

A few enthusiastic people to start a literary society.

Scientific language: Miss S. in the music class—“Where are staccato marks placed?”

Miss M.—“Above the notes when they stick up and below when they stick down.”

Yes, but I don't know D from A.”

Mr. N. (Just before the show)—Who wants to buy my opera tickets for tonight?

Mr. Edward Johnson of the E. A. class spent a few days in the Twin cities the last of the month.

One of the E. G. grammar girls is evidently contemplating something else besides teaching, for she wanted to know of Prof. A.—“How a busy housewife could prepare a hasty meal.”

Mr. F. in the grammar class—Whom the Lord loven He ch-as-et-eth.

The adv. psy. class are studying the Will. Some of the students ought to have an apperceptive mass along that line

A silver spoon with gilt bowl having in it a beautiful cut of the school building, engraved by hand is one of the items in Clark Bros.' stock which will especially appeal to the Normal student. Call and see it, and also the new birthday spoon.

Mr. P. L. Ashley of the junior class went to Minneapolis the 12th inst. to see the Minnesota-Northwestern football game.

The following officers have been elected by the new literary society: President, W. T. Sture; vice president, Miss Lottie Thacker; secretary and treasurer, Miss Emma Heffner; critic, Miss Greely; marshal, Mr. Iver Bakken.

The Misses Gillespie of the Home accompanied their father to the Twin cities on Saturday, Nov. 12th, and returned the following Sunday.

Several extra classes in reading and elocution have been organized for special work to meet the demands of students who feel the need of work of this kind. As it is extra work the classes will meet only once a week at present.

Ma and pa entertained at the Home on Saturday night, Nov. 5th, in honor of Misses Gould and Ward. A very pleasant time is reported by those present.

A new literary society is being organized and from present indications it is going to be a success.

Some of the students are quite lucky in having an opportunity to spend Thanksgiving on the farm!

Who is "Johnny, look up in the air?"

Sheridan's ride isn't always through the Shenandoah valley.

Anyone desiring a pattern for mid-night millinery apply to Miss R——e, 6th ave.

Why is Mr. H. so interested in gymnastic work this year?

Total thirty-five—one absent—Miss Ellis, company in the school room.

Teacher—What would you like to sing?

Small Boy—Page 150.

Ask Ole whether he ever falls from his wheel.

President Kleeberger went to St. Paul on the 19th ult. to attend the meeting of the State Normal board.

C. is now able to tell the length of a lead pencil.

The senior was right when he said this number would be an "Evergreen." Interpret this the way you like.

Have you seen my "sweater?" It's a "beaut."

Teacher to pupil—Have you got your chair drawn?

Pupil—Yep.

T.—Oh! That will never do. You couldn't sit on that.

The girls of the E. G. class show their apperception in cooking matters as well as in other lines of education. One of them has recently seasoned her society, making it decidedly Salter.

Miss Martha Nelson of the E. G. class was pleasantly surprised last week by a visit from her sister, Mrs. R. T. Torgenson of Benson, Minn.

Prof. A. in grammar class—What is the abbreviation for the expression "for example?"

Miss B—r (whose mind was a blank just then)—A dash.

Lost, strayed or stolen—Last Saturday night a couple, somewhere between the Unitarian church and 8th street. Finder please call at the Normal and receive a suitable reward.



Mr. N Makes daily calls to the south-west corner of assembly room. What's the attraction?

The elementary science class had a pleasant and profitable field excursion on Friday. They walked about two and one-half miles out of town, and some who got lost declare they walked five miles back.

Prof. A.—“Give me an illustration showing the necessity of using proper connections.”

Bright Student—“My father is a Democrat but my mother is a Presbyterian.”

Dr. Magnusson's civics class enjoyed a visit to the court house the afternoon of Oct. 21, and aside from learning about the various duties of the officers they were instructed in the method of obtaining marriage licenses and divorces.

Those beautiful sterling silver novelties at 25c to 50c each make one of the most attractive and desirable presents to be found anywhere. See them at Clark Bros.'

The school had the pleasure of a call from the renowned actor, Wm. Owen. He gave a short talk on “Why William Shakespeare wrote plays,” and also recited parts of the different dramas in which he is the principal actor.

Since the matinee entitled “Marble Heart” the girls are all making vows never to “flirt” again. Oh, what would happen if they should break their vows?

The E. As. claim that there is nothing going on in their class this year. They study physics and geometry, however, and we would naturally suppose that they have very little time for anything else.

T.—What is an indented servant?

Pupil—One who is knocked in.

Tr. (in psy. class)—Suppose someone comes and looks over your shoulder when you are writing, how do you feel?

Miss T.—It depends upon who it is.

Miss S.—Why are some of you not singing?

No reply.

Miss S.—Last year I had a lady pupil 35 years old who thought she could not sing. Probably some of you are in the same dilemma.

Next selection—Girls singing everything as though written ff.

Peter Pohl has again returned to the Normal to resume his studies.

Latin poetry, translate—

#### I.

“Molliis abuti  
Hasan acuti;  
Mollis o finis  
Molli divinis.

#### II.

Molli de armistress,  
Im in adistress;  
Cantu discover,  
Meas alover.”

Examinations, yes, they are here. The different classes are all busy getting ready for the final tests at the close of the term.

The question with Miss H. and Miss T. is, which won (one.)

Miss R. is slowly gaining the inside track.

### From Manila.

The following is a letter received by Ed. Gans from one of the Normal boys of Company M. Although the letter was not written for publication we thought it might interest some of our

readers to know what our boys are about and give them a glimpse of real "army life:"

MANILA, Sept. 11. 1898.

Did you ever hear of the 13th Minnesota Regiment and Company M of that organization? Well, I am staying with Company M, and will stay with them until we have another fight; then I will run away, see? Well I would like to be with you again at the good old Normal. We used to have some good times there and I think we could have them again. Sometimes I think of St. Cloud, the Normal and you fellows, and when I compare all to the barracks, hard tack, green coffee and the inconveniences of army life, I am inclined to use a little "Sunday talk." But we have a good time here and are not suffering hardships at present. Sometimes we have a great deal of fun around the campfires. Since we took the city we have not had anything to do. Company M has been on outpost duty twice since we came into the city, and now we are in permanent quarters doing nothing. Yesterday we had a picnic. We became dissatisfied with our grub, and so we voted for a treat of pancakes. Schacht, Pattison and I were to make them. We got a fellow to mix the "stuff" for us. He mixed the first mess but used hot water instead of cold, so we set the mixture aside in case we should need it for paper hanging. Well we baked 700, (7 for each man,) and after the meal there were not enough left to keep the flies over night and they were all dead in the morning. We gave Rooney one to taste and pass his opinion upon. "Well," he said, "I can use them. Use them? Yes. I am putting up a door and I can use them for hinges." We had not been having all we wanted to eat so each man ate seven cakes though

each cake was as big as a table. About a dozen men reported unfit for duty this morning. If they would let me bake pancakes for the Spaniards we would hurt them worse than with bullets.

I suppose you have heard all about the fight before Manila, so there is nothing for me to tell. We were on the front line throughout the whole time and had a jolly good time as long as it lasted. Our regiment got first honor of the infantry engaged in the battle. Our captain is a "dandy" and the most popular one in the regiment. I can say one good word for the Spaniards—they are good runners. When the old springfields began singing the song of death around their ears they took to their legs. Companys O and M are stationed in the old police headquarters in this city. We have slept on the "soft side of the floor" since we came here, but a few days ago we were issued hammocks. A native visited us some time ago and said: "If this house could talk it would tell you a terrible story." Some time ago seventy insurgents were brought in here one night and were carried out in the morning as corpses, tortured to death. One chief was tougher than the rest and lasted till morning, then was shot.

If the people in America could see this country and its inhabitants I don't think they would care to have it. They would punish Spain by giving it back to her. The natives are of a low species. I sometimes see one that looks worse than the ordinary and I tell you they are not far above the orang-outang. When you see them it is very easy to believe that man has descended from the lower animals. They seem to know nothing about gratitude. They have treated us fairly well up to this time, but now they get uglier every day. We



believe we will have to fight them, and if we do, "God pity them." The boys are not as eager to open hostilities as might be expected. They all want to go home again and realize that if war breaks out anew we may have to stay here for months.

GEO. ARNESS,  
Company M, Thirteenth Regiment  
Minnesota Volunteers.

## EXCHANGES

A good story is told on Wm. M. Evarts, our old secretary of state. One day he was reading Virgil in Prof. Thatcher's class.—"Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck—" "That's as far as I got professor." "Well, Mr. Evarts, I think that was quite far enough."—Ex.

"The secret of success is constancy."

Absent-minded professor (in the bath tub)—"Well, well, now I have forgotten what I got in here for."

The Ariel of Oct. 29th publishes an account of President Northrup at the Peace Jubilee including his address at the banquet to President McKinley which closed the exercises of the jubilee. The address was given in answer to the toast, "The Future of Our Country," and contains his ideas on territorial expansion. Everyone should read it.

The school education contains an article on Rousseau by Dr. Magnusson which will be especially interesting to the E. A. literature class; a good article on Mozart, the boy musician, whom everyone knows, and an article on English which every teacher should read.

According to Chauncey Depew a Chinaman in Manila recently made the following observation: "A Spaniard he talkee, talkee; a Melican man he doee, Dewey."—Ex.

A stray frog once wandered into an artist's studio. Hopping about the room he landed before a fine painting in oil which represented a glassy puddle beneath the shade of a burdock leaf. The frog was so delighted with this shady retreat and the prospect of a cool bath, that he gave a great leap toward the inviting pool. To his great mortification, he found himself on the flat of his back with his nose out of joint and his false teeth on the back of his neck.

Moral: Just because you take in all the hops, don't think you are in the swim.—Mirror.

Dennis — "The great astronomers have seen a new asteroid."

Mike---"They kan kape the animal; O'im satisfied with a common horse to ride."---Ex.

An exchange quotes the following contributions to the sciences of mathematics and history:

Parallel lines are lines that can never meet until they run together.

Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to anything else.

To find the number of square feet in a room you multiply the room by the number of feet. The product is the result.

Henry the eighth was famous for being a great widower, having lost several wives.

The middle ages come in between antiquity and posterity.

In guerrilla warfare the soldiers ride on guerrillas.

An American is an American wherever you find him, though it be as far away as Manila, and Minnesota boys are not the slowest in showing this spirit of being up to date either. A weekly newspaper, called the American Soldier and devoted to the interests of the boys who are so far from home and all its modern environments, is published in Manila by a staff representing different regiments of the army. L. D. Bruckart, a student of our own University, is business manager, George A. Smith is managing editor, and much of the first issue---which is dated Sept. 10th---is taken up with news concerning the Thirteenth Minnesota.

A poet of the Gustavus Adolphus college published the following lines in the "Journal for criticism. The author's intention is "to do what Pope, Chapman and Bryant have done so well" if this specimen meets with public approval:

"Ulysses to the Cyclops came  
To see what he could spy out;  
He caught his fish and shot his game,  
And then he punched his eye out."

This much is vivid to say the least.

Woman leads the world. She used smokeless powder for ages before men thought of inventing it.

Who says cane rushes are not dangerous? Sacred history of six thousand years ago records the first cain-rush, in which the world was dis-Abel-ed.---Ariel, after the sophs had gained the supremacy in the cane-rush with the Freshmen.

Julius Caesar was a great man and soldier. He wrote a book for beginners in Latin.



Mrs. McCorcle (nee Ada Field '97) visited the Normal this month.

Miss Ella Kirk '98 visited the Normal Monday, November 8.

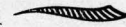
Mr. Andrew E. Fritz '91 was elected county superintendent of Otter Tail county by nearly a thousand majority.

James Maybury '91 has entered the law department of the State University.

Miss Guida Giddings '98, teaching the Sixth grade at Stephen, visited her Alma Mater Nov. 17.

Miss Ella Kirk '98 and sister visited the Normal the first of the month.

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No. 5 11:20 a. m.	No. 6 arrives 3:50 p. m.
No.7 daily 10.55 pm.	No.112arrives from Willmar 11.00 am. ExSun.
No. 128 way freight Sandstone 7:00 a. m.	No. 127, from Sandstone arrives 2:30 p.m.
No. 127, from Sandstone arrives 2:30 p.m.	No. 8 runs via Clearwater.
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**EAST BOUND.**

No. 4, Mpls. and St. Paul Ex.....4:15 a. m.  
No. 2 Atlantic Mail.....2:20 p. m.  
\*No. 6, Mpls. and St. Paul Local...8:10 p. m.

**WEST BOUND.**

\*No. 5 Fargo Local.....11:22 a. m.  
No. 1 Pacific Mail.....4:20 p. m.  
No. 3 Dakota express..... 10:35 p. m  
\*Daily except Sunday via Brainerd.

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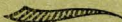
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